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Woodstock Business Cards.

ISAAC NEWTON,
Manufacturer of
CARRIAGES & SLEIGHS.
Central St., Woodstock, Vt.

My Carriages and Sleighs will be thoroughly made of the best selected timber, in a neat and thorough manner, and warranted. Top Carriages constantly on hand. Come and see them. Repairing done to order. Terms, cash on delivery.

W. H. KEATING,
FASHIONABLE HAIR-DRESSER.
Shop in Stone Block, over Kimball's Store, Woodstock, Vt.

DR. F. R. JEWETT'S
Dental Rooms,
OPEN DAY AND EVENING.
First-class work. Prices moderate.
Office and Residence, "Barker House," East end of the Park.

O. G. KIMBALL,
Druggist and Apothecary,
Whitcomb's Block, Elm Street,
WOODSTOCK, VT.

FRANK J. SIMMONS,
Dealer in
Choice Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery,
Cigars, Tobacco, Etc.
Oyster stand a specialty. Drop in.

EAGLE HOTEL,
Central St., opposite the Park, Woodstock, Vt.
The second stage that leaves this town always call at the House to leave or call for passengers. The Springfield and Charlotte stage makes its headquarters at this House.
C. A. FAIRBANKS, Proprietor.

GEORGE W. PAUL,
Dealer in
Choice Cigars, Fruit, Confectionery,
Cigars, Tobacco, Etc.
Paul's Block, Elm Street, Woodstock, Vt.

O. H. FREEMAN,
Druggist & Apothecary,
And Dealer in
HARDWARE, GROCERIES AND FLOUR.
Woodstock, Vt.

E. P. TEWKSBURY,
House, Carriage, Sign and Ornamental
Painter.
Central Street, Woodstock, Vt.
The best of stock constantly on hand.
All kinds of Papering, and tinting of walls done to order.
Agent for Axelrod Chemical Paint, the best paint in use.

C. P. HOLDEN, M. D.,
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Office over F. N. Billings' Store. Office hours 9 a. m. to 12 m. and 7 to 9 p. m.
Residence on Central Street.

A. N. LOGAN, M. D.,
(Successor to Dr. Colburn),
Physician and Surgeon
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Office at the late residence of Dr. Colburn south side of park.

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FASHIONABLE TAILOR.
Shop in the Trinity Block, Elm St.

J. R. MURDOCK,
Practical Watchmaker,
Also Jeweler.
FINE STOCK OF GOODS
In his line.
All Goods and Repairs warranted as represented.

DR. C. D. HINMAN,
DENTIST.
Rooms in Fairbank's Block - - - Upstairs
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MEAT AND PROVISIONS.
Usually kept in a country market, at the lowest prices, for cash or short approved credit.

O. L. RICHMOND, B. H. PISSEY,
Retail Furniture Rooms.
C. H. ROOD,
Dealer in all kinds of
Furniture, Carriages and Coffins.
All kinds of repairing done. Mattresses made over. Old Cane-seat Chairs re-bottomed and made as good as new.

W. R. Junction Business Cards.
Buy a Family Box of
HANOVER CRACKERS!
Every Cracker plainly stamped "HANOVER" BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

MANUFACTURED BY
GEORGE E. SMITH
Baker and Confectioner.
White River Junction, Vermont.
"Buy Smith's Confectionery."

J. HARDING,
Marble & Granite Cemetery Works,
MONUMENTS.
Tables, Grave-Stones, Etc.
White River Junction, Vt. p. 1912

E. H. BAGLEY,
Dealer in Stoves,
Furnaces, Pumps, Lead Pipe, Hardware
Paints and Oil, and Blacksmith Goods.
Also, Jobber in Coal and Kerosene.
Manufacturer of
TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE.
White River Junction, Vt.

PATENTS.
Inventors will advance their interests by employing an Experienced Attorney residing in Washington. F. A. Lehmann, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C., has had years of successful practice, and was formerly an examiner of patents in the Patent Office. All business before the Office for the department of inventions attended to. Free estimate of value of invention. Send for circular.

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Every Cracker plainly stamped "HANOVER" BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Castoria—35 Doses

35 Doses. A Mothers' remedy for sleepless and irritable Children. The Recipe of Old Dr. Pitcher, Free from Morphine, and not Narcotic. Formula published with each bottle. For Flatulency, assimilating the food, Sour Stomach, Feverishness, Worms, and Disordered Bowels, Castoria has the largest sale of any article dispensed by Druggists.

ASH-TONIC

A Perfect Purifier of the System. "Increasing the strength, clearing the complexion, and restoring healthy conditions."—WHITCOMB.

For Indigestion, and Dyspepsia, the many forms of Liver Complaint, Impure and Impoverished Blood, and Functional Derangements attendant upon Debility, and for Building up the weak, Ash-Tonic is doubtless the most prompt and certain remedy yet devised. In 1-2 lb. bottles, 75 cents; 5 lb. bottles, \$3. Accredited Physicians and Clergymen, who may desire to test the Tonic, will be supplied with not exceeding six bottles, at one-half the retail price, money to accompany the order. Sold by Druggists, and by D. B. Dewey & Co., 50 Dey St., N. Y.

CENTAUR Liniment

The most Powerful, Penetrating and Pain-relieving remedy ever devised by man. It soothes Pain, allays inflammation, it heals Wounds, and cures RHEUMATISM, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sprains, Burns, Stiff Joints, Cuts, Swellings, Frost bites, Quinsy, Salt Rheum, Itch, Sprains, Galls, and Lameness from any cause. Sufferers from

PAIN IN THE BACK,
Fever Sores, Eruptions, Broken Breasts, contracted Cords, Neuritis, Palsy or dislocated Joints, and owners of horses, planters, mechanics, and professional men everywhere, unite in saying, that CENTAUR LINIMENT brings relief when all other Liniments, Oils, Extracts and Embrocations have failed.

Rutland Business Cards.

W. H. JOHNSON,
General Repair Shop. Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Sewing-Machines, Etc. In fact, all kinds of repairing done promptly and in a good and workmanlike manner. I also sell the light-weight

"Crown Household" and "American" SEWING-MACHINES.

At prices from 25 to 40 per cent. less than any other machine in the country. Remember the place—Center Street, opposite the "Bakery."

BERWICK HOTEL,
C. F. RICHARDSON, Prop'r.
Rutland - - - Vermont.

Heated throughout by Steam. Good Sample Rooms. Billiard Hall and Library. Single connected with the Hotel.

JOHN F. WALKER,
Tonsorial Artist,
13 1-2 Merchants' Row—Up stairs.

Having recently refitted his shop, putting in new chairs, etc., and procured the services of a first-class journeyman, he is now prepared to meet the wants of every one in the country, as first-class Barber. Children's hair-cutting a specialty.

GIVE HIM A CALL.

J. P. COLLINS,
DEALER IN
Choice Family Groceries
Flour, Pork, Beef, Canned Goods, and all kinds of Groceries.

REDINGTON & BUTLER,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
RUTLAND, VT.

BATES HOUSE,
J. M. HAVES, Proprietor,
RUTLAND - - - VERMONT.

W. F. PAIGE, Manager.
G. W. MACAVOY, Chief Clerk.

A. T. GORHAM,
Sign Writer and General Jobber.
The only Sign Writer in town that makes a specialty of the business.

Hartland Business Cards.
WHEEN IN WANT OF
Doors, Sash and Blinds,
WRITE TO
MARTIN & SHERMAN,
MANUFACTURERS OF
All kinds of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Windows, Etc., in fact, all kinds of large work.

Prices Lower than the Lowest.
Do not forget to send your order to our office, 10 1-2 Water Street, Rutland, Vt.

WHEEN IN WANT OF
Doors, Sash and Blinds,
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BROKEN TOYS.

I found my baby got to-day
Asleep upon the floor.

The space around her little form
With playthings scattered o'er.

Her hands were nestled 'neath her chin,
And one still firmly held

A broken toy, whose novel charm
As yet was undimmed.

There lingered still about the mouth
And on the brow a trace

Of thought, half grieved and half perplexed,
As if the tiny face

Already had begun to learn
The look it was to wear

In years to come. I stooped to kiss
Away the mimic care.

And as I laid her, still asleep,
Within her nest-like bed,

And smoothed the cradle's pillow for
The little weary head.

I thought how we of larger growth,
When tired of pains and joys,

With that same look, half sad and half
Amid our broken toys

And then the Father, stooping, takes
The tired head to his breast,

And smooths the furrow from the brow,
And hushes to our rest.

—Howard Gilman.

CONSCIENCE.

Everybody admired the chateau
Richmond; it on no other spot the shore

Of the lake curved so gracefully, or the trees
And shrubbery flourished in such

profusion. Paths led up from the water's edge through conservatories,
bringing over with rare flowers, whose

harder sisters found a fitting back-ground in the velvet turf; post fountains
of many a quaint device, whose spray

dashed high and low in one's face, until one reached the broad flight of steps
directly before the chateau. A little

more of the ruin was left exposed, than the dim, uncertain sun-dial and the headless statue of some duke of Richmond,
who had been dead and ashes for

centuries, disparting with the swallows
singing in the carved niches.

Strangers visiting the place declared that Sir Richard Hilbreth and his only daughter Emily must indeed be the happiest of mortals to call such a beautiful spot their home; but older residents in the neighborhood knew that the life of the beautiful young English girl and her patriotic-looking father were far from happy.

Years ago, while traveling in Italy, Sir Richard had had a violent quarrel with a Presiding Judge of the Court of Appeal, and, by an unlucky chance the spot chosen for the rendezvous had one spectator during the arrangements for the duel—a gray-haired Franciscan monk—who, as the final fatal blow was struck, the combatants, receiving the discharge in his own breast, Sir Richard's own hand when he saw the aged monk lying bleeding on the ground, pressing his forehead to the floor, the young nobleman fled from the scene, his soul filled with a wild remorse that seemed destined to haunt him to his dying day.

Time passed, and Sir Richard Hilbreth, instead of growing reconciled to the thought of the cruelly accidental at Verona, became more and more haunted with the horror of his supposed crime; he grew gloomy and despondent, and sank into a melancholy over which all who knew him shook their heads, hinting at a touch of hereditary insanity in the Hilbreth family. The death of his wife at Richmond seemed to be the finishing blow to his happiness, and from that date his friends ceased to consider him as one of themselves.

The saddened, world-weary man ordered two rooms to be fitted up for himself in the old tower; the first one a bare, cheerless bedroom, opening directly upon that street struck terror to the heart of any one that rarely beheld it.

In a stone cell, with a vaulted roof, and dim light struggling through one high window, a shrouded figure sat in death-like silence day after day and year after year, in the coarse brown habit and henpen girdle of a Franciscan monk.

The gown concealed only the semblance of a human figure, but the gleaming white skull of Fra Giacomo, the monk whom Sir Richard shot in the duel, grined from under the tattered hood.

The eye-sockets were turned toward the outer room, and a tablet, with the words, "Memento mori," was fastened overhead.

In his disorderd state of mind, Sir Richard Hilbreth imagined that, at night, in a measure expiate his crime by constant contemplation of the victim of it, so by untiring efforts he procured the skull and habit of Fra Giacomo, and the hideous image was arranged in his stone cell, where it sat from one year's end to another, covered with dust, and the prey of undisturbed vermin.

It was Emily Hilbreth's twenty-first birthday, and, dressed in a tasteful white morning gown, adorned with knots of blue ribbon, the color of her eyes, she was walking slowly up and down the broad terrace before the house. She held an open letter in her hand, and there was a look of perplexity in her eyes, greatly at variance with the cheerful congratulations of the servants.

"I thought you would be among the first to bring me a birthday greeting," she said, extending her hand, with a sweet smile, to a young man, who, bounding up the flight of stairs against which the girl leaned, seized the proffered hand and pressed it with fervor to his lips.

Emily Hilbreth was tall, dark-eyed and handsome, with a look of bravery and daring about him which one of Her Majesty's soldiers should have, and the world agreed that in him Emily Hilbreth had found a fitting heir.

As Emily withdrew her hand from her lover's grasp, she noticed a pure diamond gleaming on her first finger.

"Oh, Edmund, I dare not wear it!" she said, anxiously, while tears started to her eyes.

"Why should you not, Emily? I had hoped your twenty-first birthday would be our wedding-day instead of a renewal of our engagement."

"It will be a useless struggle."

BROKEN TOYS.

I found my baby got to-day
Asleep upon the floor.

The space around her little form
With playthings scattered o'er.

Her hands were nestled 'neath her chin,
And one still firmly held

A broken toy, whose novel charm
As yet was undimmed.

There lingered still about the mouth
And on the brow a trace

Of thought, half grieved and half perplexed,
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